Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dolcera kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight.* *King.* And with the third?

Thai. The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiualry: the word: *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

4. *Knight.* *King.* What is the fourth.

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. Which shewes that beautie hath his power and wil,
which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

5. *Knight.* *Thai.* The fift: an Hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tryde:
The Motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

6. *Knight.* *King.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which,
the Knight himself with such a gracefull courtesie deliuered?

Thai. Hee seemes to be a stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch that's onely greene at top,
The Motto: *In hac spe viuo.*

Kin. A pretty morral; frō the deiected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward shew
Can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his rusty out-side he appeares,
To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger for he comes
To an honor'd tryumph, strangely furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day to scowre it in the dust.

Kin. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay the Knights are comming,
We willl with-draw into the Gallerie.

Great shoutes, and all cry, the meane Knight.

Enter

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page; your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for m irth becomes a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guestes.

Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Per. Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is your,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labour'd scholler: come Queene a th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are; here take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour wee loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marsh Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

Per. You are right courtious Knights.

King. Sit sir, sit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought vpon.

Thais. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauorie,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

King. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done; ha's broken a staffe.